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The leaves of the maple are crimson and gold, As here to-day in its shade I lie; And the pearly peaks of the clouds, uprolled. Leom up like castles within the sky.

Afar in the distance the purple hills Are wrapped in a veil of sleuder mist. That over the landscape the wide air fills With the tint of the tenderest amethyst.

The golden reed on the hill side grows. Nodding its head to the winds that blow. And the flame of the guady sunflower glows. In the farm-yards down in the value below.

There the river glides on its winding way. By fields that are crowned with the ripened of Whose bread leaves shine in the sun boday. Like the flaming banners that glid the morn.

AN AUTUNN MEMORY.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Choice Loetry.

AUTUMNAL PICTURES. BY AUGUSTA LARNED

I see the field where cattle grane,
The hill, soft meshed in aliver hane,
The gold-brown brook and ancient bridge,
The old red mill beneath the ridge,
And dim lights on the orchard side.
With mess-grown trees, low-branching, wid
The hamlet nestling in the glade—
A drowsy nook that loves the shade.

The dusty highway, long and brown, slow creeping out beyond the town, To breast the hillside in its strength, A silent, treeless mile in length, Far to the hanging woods on high, That with their verdure soothe the eye with myriad dies of dusky g reen, That wears September's richest sheen.

O'er old stone wall the blackberry twines, Inlaid with wanton, gadding vines, The clematis and wild for grape. The shad bush and the feathered brake, And weedbine curled in gedar spire, That soon will glow a line of fire; Nor darker could the elder gleam, With froltage dipped in Stygian stream.

All freaked and splashed with guiltless blood, The sumach flares along the wood; The sullein takes its lon ely stand Upon the hilly pasture land, Where alow the cricket's voice is heard, Plaining some menitory word, Shrilled by a small, black coated friar, Who preaches 'neath the furre and brier.

The golden-rod from myriad whorls In sump orriflamme unfuris, The golden-rod from myriad whorls In sunny orriflamme unfuris. And triumphs o'er the dusty way. Championed by the thistle gay. That apreads a disc so rosy fair, To feed the pretty birds of air; And foremost, with a twittering note, The dainty goldfinch awells its thrust.

ontide warms the quiet air With scent of apples spiced and rare; And quirces by the messy well, Frei in their veins old Midas' spell; While clusters on the bronzing vine, Breathe out an odor half divine; From thick embordered, booky trees, Comes now the murmurous hum of bees

Far off, the golden stubble land
Lies in a warm and glowing band,
As if old earth, sunned through and through,
Had ripened to a richer hue;
Clouda, mottled like a ringdove's breast,
Move softly on toward the west,
With rifts of deep and tender hue,
A nameless depth of gentian blue.

In perfect beauty, flushed and sweet,
Dear Antumn comes with glowing feet;
Her tanned cheek wears a sunset die,
A laughing light is in her eye;
About her shapely ankles brown,
Swells out a modest russet gown.
With here and there a color dash—
A breast-knot of the mountain ash;
Her rounded arms globed melons bear,
And scarlet leaves have crowned her hair.

THE AUTUMN SHEAP.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

Still I remember early Autumn days, When golden leaves were floating in the air, And reddening oaks stood out in sombre haze, Till sunset struck them with its redder glare—

And faded, leaving me by wood and field, In fragrant dow and fragrant volvet mold, To wait among the shades of night concealed, And hear that story which but once is told.

Through many seasons of the falling leaves
I watched my fading hopes, and watched their fall;
In memory they are gathered now like sheaves,
So withered that a touch would scatter all.

Dead leaves, and dust more dead, to fall apart,

Leaves bending once in arches over me, And dust enclosing once a loving heart, And I so happy with youth's mystery! It cannot be unbound—my Autumn sheaf— Then let it stand, the ruin of the past; Returning Autumn brings the old belief. Its mystery all its own, and it will last.

OCTOBER.

How near to earth all Heaven seems be The pearly gates appear to swing apart, While Nature, softly from the earth ascending, Offers thanksgiving with a grateful heart.

We seem to catch, through Heaven's blest portals, A golden radiance from the great white throne, Lying athwart the earth in benediction, With petty cares and vanities all gone.

The misty voil which hangs o'er earth and Heaven Is but a curtain drawn 'twist us and Thee, While the soft radiance of the red sun shining, Seems but a glimmering of the jasper sea.

Oh, God! how much of Heaven Thou sendeth To Thy frail mortals here below; How sweet Thy smile thus on Thy children resting Through the blest peace of this October glow.

Select Story.

HETTY MARVIN.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 1776, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L , where his cousin, Mrs. Marvio, hid him for some days in a secluded farm house. But at length the subtle for disfarm-house. But at length the subtle foe dis-covered his retreat, and one afternoon in May, he was ronted from his hiding place by the tid-ings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him. His only chance of escape was to reach the month of a little creek which emp-tied itself into the Councetient River, just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the heat, was two miles, by the usual travelled road. But a little path across the farmer's orchard would bring him to the beat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful reason for his

Just where the path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty sat with her dog Towser tending the bleaching of her household lines. The long web of forty yards or more which was diligently spon and woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the ugh to spin, or strong enough for the work of the kitchen or the dairy. oll of linen was taken by the farmer or The roll of linen was taken by the

his "stont" help to a grassy plat beside a spring or a meadow brook; there it was thoroughly wetted, and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and dews by night. The little maid who attended it would

sit near.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Gov. Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road, to escape his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child, but wise beyond any of her elders. She was frightened by the headlong race with which the Governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene, and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who, though a friend to the family guest thought it becoming to bark the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps. Her wise fore-thought arrested the Governor, snotice, and sug-gested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said carnestly, "I am flying for my life, and unless I can reach my boat before

I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here, but you must tell those who are chasing me, that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin," said the little girl, in agony of distres, "I can't tell a lie-indeed, I can't. Why did you tell me which way you were go-

"Hetty, dear child, surely you would not be-tray me to my death? Hark! they are coming! I lear the click of their horses' feet. Oh, Het-ty, tell them I have gone up, the road, instead of down, and Reaven will bless you."
"Heaven never blesses those who speak false-ly, consin. But I will not tell them which way

"It's no use; unless I can deceive them, I am

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you

Come, get down as quick as you can, and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."
"It's my only chance, child; I'll get down, as you say."
And suiting the action to the word, the Governor was soon hidden under the folds of the

Augry that their expected prize had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the girl in the meadow, the leader of the party party.

of the party pansed.

"Child," he said sternly, "have you seen a man running hereabouts ?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flush-

ing.
"Which way did he go?"
"I promised not to tell, sir."
"But you must, or take the consequence."
"I said I wouldn't tell, if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.
"I'll have it out of her!" exclaimed the furi-

"He have it out of her." said his Tory guide;
"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide;
"I know the child, I believe. Is your name
Hetty Marvin!" he asked, pleasantly.

"And this man that ran by you a moment ago,

"And this man that ran by you a moment ago, was your mother's cousin, was he not f"
"Yes, sir, he was."
"Well, we are friends of his; what did he say to you, when he came along!"
"He—told me—he was flying for his life."
"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to hide! You see, I could help him, if I knew his plans."

to lide? You see, I come neep mm, it I know his plans."

Now, Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would be consistent with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frank-ness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner cau-

didly:

"My cousin said he was going down this way
to the river, where he had a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men who were chasing him,
that he had gone the other way, to catch the

mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" thundered the officer, fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the tearful

"Hetty," again began the smooth tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a child of truth. What did your cousin say, when you told him you couldn't tell a false-hood?"

"He said he didn't think I'd betray him to his "And then you told him you would not tell which way he went, if you were killed for it?"
"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I suppose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quickly as possible?"
"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yea, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words, and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were: It is my only chance, and I'll get down, as you say;" and, overcome by fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rightly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay longer, to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed on rapidly down the river. Now, the Governor had arranged a signal with his but-

pushed on rapidly down the river. Now, the Governor had arranged a signal with his beatman, that a white cloth by day or a light by night displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the river, should inform them if he were in trouble, and put them on the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his consin's, the signal floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down to the river, and recognized the British uniform of the leader, they pulled swiftly out to sea. The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the beat, with two men in it, nearly out of sight, and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile, the hunted victim lay safe and

quiet where the simple shrewdness of the little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her to return to supper. Then he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window for the beatmen, and to send him some supper, with his value which to send him some supper, with his valise, which in the harry of departure, be had left behind

him.

The signal recalled the boat, which, after twilight, had ventured in sight of the shore and the farm-house, and the Governor quietly made his way to the river in safety.

When he rejoined his family, in a secure home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little girl whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.

The Pingue as a Pencemaker the North and

While all that is said is true of the pluck and endurance of the Southern people under the provocation of war, pestilence, and famine, there is something to be said for our brethren of the North, whose constancy, steadiness, and devotion to their cause, bravery, and persistence in battle, and endurance in a prolonged contest that taxed all their energies, and a skill and resources unequaled, have few parallels in history. To no other people could we of the South have surrendered. Magnanimous on the field so fiercely contested, despite the haz ards of political disputes, they have many times since April, 1865, extended us the right hand of fellowship, full up and flowing over with good gifts, tendered with a manly spirit that robbed the generous tender of the himiliations of charity. The same men who led the armies of the North, the same journalists who inspired those armies, and the same religious teachers, and the same noble, heroic women, who originated and sustained, amid the heat of battle and the excitiement of sometimes perilons popular commo-While all that is said is true of the pluck and sustained, amid the heat of battle and the ex-citement of sometimes perilons popular commo-tions, the graudest besedence ever conceived of for the relief of soldiers in the field, have been foremost in the heaven-sent work of our relief, in weeks that are the dreariest in our calendar. Unwearied in their tasks, as did Jo-seph with his heathers they have filled our calcular. Unwearied in their tasks, as sid Joseph with his brethren, they have filled our
sacks to overflowing many, many times, and yet
they are not done. From far Oregon and Montans to Vermont; from villages, towns and
cities of all the basy Northern States; from the
miners' camp, the newsboys' home; from the
banker and the farmer, the professor and the
mechanic; from allelasses of that section of our
country where American ingenuity has found
its largest field of conquest, and whose industries challenge the world in vain for a comparison—from this seat of a great industrial population, unmatched by any other on the earth, the
gifts of an intelligent help and a touching sympathy have come, saving many thousands of our
stricken ones from death, and lighting our dreary pathway with the light of ah enduring brotherly love. "Blood is thicker than water." Of
the same race, speaking the same tongue, the erly love. "Blood is thicker than water." Of the same race, speaking the same tongue, the heirs of the same liberties, and citizens of the same glorious country, no memories of sectional division, of political animosities, or of civil war, have been allowed to stay the steady flow of the bounteous stream that has brought us, with all else, the assurance that we are one people in fact as well as in name, and that beyond the froth and fuss of politics, and the deceits and dangers of demagogues, the popular heart is dangers of demagogues, the popular heart is safe, yielding only of its fullness, when challenged in the cause of humanity, and brothers' lives are at stake.—Memails, 4------

I ONCE read of a man who started to walk around a pond. He got three-fourths of the way, and, looking at his watch, thought it so near dinner time that he could not finish his walk in season, so he hurried back the way he came. If he is living, he will be found advocating a reasal of the resumption act—Carral

Miscellang.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE. Sky deep, intense, and wondrons blue, With clouds that sail the heavens through And mountain slopes so broad and fair, With here and there, amongst the green, A maple or an ash-tree seen Is glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade, With cattle resting in the shade; Far mountains, touched with purple hase, That, like a veil of morning miss, By glems of golden sunlight kissed. Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew, Since shining seythes did cut it through, And corn-fields with their barvest fair, And golden-rod upon the hill, And purple saters blooming still, And sunlight melted into air.

In 1715, Charles XII., of Sweden, made Baron Goerz his Prime Minister, principally because, when a bankrupt, a few years before, he had written a number of pamphlets, in one of which he discussed finances, and advocated fiat money, and declared that "Every government should make its own currency, and enforce its circulation." Frederick William I., of Prussia, said, "The man who wrote this is a dangerous lunatic." How "history repeats itself!" But the lunatic was Prime Minister of Sweden, Charles' treasury was empty, and Goerz had the field.

He at once began his revolutionary schemes, fat in uno, fat in omnes. He abolished Parliament, deprived the nobles of their privileges, and leaning to the peasantry, made common cause with them. He swept away class and monopoly, and established a kind of communistic condition of society, in which all the old landmarks were obliterated; and having things in his own hands, he gave his fiat money scheme a fair test. Bondholders were ignored, and all the people placed as nearly as possible on a deal level. Where he found no warrant in law for his acts, he made the necessary warrant by ensering a law to suit the occasion. He became BARON GOERZ, THE BLUEBACKER.

level. Where he found no warrant in law for bis acts, he made the necessary warrant by enacting a law to suit the occasion. He became immensely popular, and felt safe in executing his financial policy, and caused ten millious of dollars to be struck off on blue and green paper—a regular greenback, it will be seen—and these notes here this legend or inscription:

"ROYAL SWEDISH CURRENCY." "He who Refuses to take this bill at its Full Value, will Suffer Death."

will Suffer Death."

Goerz sent a message to the rich men of Stockholm, that they would have to exchange their gold and silver for the paper currency, on the plea that while the flat money was as good as coin at home, the specie was necessary to carry on foreign intercourse, and to support the army when away from home. This order was received with gramblings and mutterings of discontent, but the Prime Minister was all powerful. In three instances, where violent resistance was offered to its enforcement, two of the offenders were beheaded, and the third banished from the country. Government emissaries scoured the whole country for gold and silver. In three months, \$8,000,000,000 in coin were collected in the royal treasury. Charles XII. was no financier, though a brave King; he had never had so much money before in his life, and he was delighted. He at once increased his army by the addition of several regiments, and began to talk about going to war with both England and Germany.

Ret triess hereau to rise and the needule became

But prices began to rise, and the people became restless and dissatisfied. The necessaries of life became odiously dear, and the cost of living oppressive. Trade and industry were paralyzed, and all business in a state of stagnation.

and all business in a state of stagnation.

In Norway, the people refused to give up their coin for Goerz paper, were in a state bordering on revolt, and threatened to sever their connection with Sweden entirely. Charles was exasperated, and organized an expedition to march against Norway, and reduce the people to subjection, or lay waste their country. In this mad undertaking be lost his life at Friederickshall, the first place he invested, and it was strongly undertaking he lost his life at Friederickshall, the first place he invested, and it was strongly suspected that he was killed by some of his own men, probably at the instigation of those he had robbed by his Prime Minister's system of legal-ized plunder. Goerz, who had remained at Stockholm, was thrown into prison by Charles' anc-cessor, tried for high treason, condemned, and early in 1719 beheaded, as his sentence read, be-cause he "had dishonored the national faith, and fatally injured the financial credit of Sweden." Thus, in a little over three years, this fiat money Thus, in a little over three years, this fiat money bubble burst, though tried under most favorable auspices; but the life of the bravest and most chivalric King of modern times was sacrificed in the attempt to establish the currency, as well as that of its fanatical originator.

These facts are compiled from reliable and authentic sources for our columns. They tell

authentic sources for our columns. They tell the same story as does every other attempt ever made to establish flat money. This trial was certainly made under circumstances of the most favorable character. Sweden was a small country; Charles was a popular King, flushed with victory from important battle fields; the great mass of the people hailed the new money with delight, and for a time its introduction seemed to produce most magical and gratifying results. to produce most magical and gratifying results, both to King and people. Established by the royal decree of an almost idolized ruler, and re-ceived with popular approval, what was to hin-der its success? Here royal flat and public sanction united on the measure, and yet, at the end of three years, it has a bloody and trage termination. Why? Because the house "was built upon the sand, and when the winds blew and beat upon it, it fell, because it was founded upon the sand, and great was the fall of it."

We Will Answer. The seventeen thousand five hundred colored Republican voters of Kansas have kept the Radical party of the State in power for the past eight years. If they desire, they may be able to

ical party of the State in power for the past eight years. If they desire, they may be able to partially continue them in power this year, but certainly no longer. What have the colored men of Kansas received in exchange for this lease of power granted the Republicau party!—Parsons Eclipse.

Compare the condition of the colored men in Kansas with the condition of the colored men in Mississippi, and your question is fully answered. In Kansas, under Republican rule, the colored man is treated as a man. He goes to the polls and votes, like any other citizen. He enjoys civil and political equality. In Mississippi, under Democratic rule, he has been deprived of all these rights. He has there been mobbed, maltreated, murdered, for attempting to exercise his political rights, until he has no more standing or influence upon the politics of that State, than have the mules upon the plantations. If any colored man in Kansas wants to know what Democratic rule does for his race, let him talk with Rev. J. C. Embry, formerly of this city, who was living in Mississippi, when the Democrats introduced the shot-gun policy in that State. What has the Democratic party ever done for the colored race, except to oppress it?

A writer in the Colored Citizen hits the nail on the head, when he says:

Willy Democrats are using their cannot be in

A writer in the Colored Citizes hits the nail on the head, when he says:
Wily Democrate are using their cunning to induce colored men to forsake the only party t hat ever made it possible for them to vote at all, in the interest of the party who always deprived the colored men of their rights, and past events have demonstrated that all roads leading out of the Bepublican party have gone directly or indirectly into the Democratic party.—Laurence Journal.

A Dollar Worth Three Cents.— Some of the blessings of flat money are enjoyed by the people of Buenos Ayres. There is a six-column paper, called the Buenos Ayres Herald, of which the subscription price is put at the low rate of \$30 per month, paper currency; that is, about a dollar a number. The clothing honse of Grand St. Martin advertises suits of clothing for \$700. Another house offers to sell children s suits at prices rauging from \$150 npwards, and still another firm advertises a new line of choice cravats at \$100 each. It seems, from the market report of this journal, that a gold dollar at that time was worth \$31.55 in paper.—Beston Herald.

WHEN he went to district school, Manton Mar-ble learned to "read right in cipher."— Graphic.

"NATIONAL PAITH AND HONEST MONEY." Sensible Talk by a Sensible Greenbacker Hon. Schuyler Colfax on the Finances.

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 7.

Mr. Colfax addressed his old constituents here to night, and an abstract of his points are as follows: Home from lecturing to vote with you to morrow, I very cheerfully consented to speak to you here to night, and without antagonistical partisanship to tell you, in a practical way, why I regard it both a duty and pleasure to vote the Republican ticket. A Republican Greenbacker up to 400 millions, for fifteen years before any National Greenback party was born, I claim a prior right to the title of Greenbacker, having assisted in vindicating and championing them assisted in vindicating and championing them intil the greenback in the laborer's pocket can buy as much as the best dollar to be found in any nation in the world, and those who sacered any nation in the world, and those who sacered at it in its carlier days, have been compelled, by public opinion, to eat their words, and to culo-gize what they reviled.

Mr. Colfax, after his introduction, said there

SIX POINTS

that seemed to him of vital importance to the people and the republic, which he would thus condense: I. Statutes of limitation against any more war claims on the Treasury. As has been said by another, "Millionsf or Southern chairty, but not

another, "Millions or Southern charry, but not a dollar for rebel claims."

II. Protection by the General Gavernment against the wild-cat banks that, by breaking, used to rob laboring men annually of more millions than all the millions paid on bonds held by the Government for security of National Bank pate halders.

note holders.

III. Maintenance of the national faith as the right arm of national power, because through it national armies and navies are equipped in the hour of national peril.

IV. No legislation that will demonstrate or discount of president and parties and day allows.

drive out of circulation golder silver—now again, after so many years, in circulation amongst us as a currency.

V. The largest possible paper circulation that
can be maintained at equal purchasing power
with coin, and convertible into com at the will

VI. Adequate protection for all citizens who owe allegiance to the nation, to the uttermost limits of the National Constitution and its amend-

The statement of these six propositions is THE BEST POSSIBLE ARGUMENT
for the maintenance of the Republican ascendency in Congress; and Mr. C. proceeded to illustrate them. He said, when the the nation was spending a million dollars per day to save the country, to pay, feed, clothe, arm and equip our brave soldiers; to build and buy war vessels, purchase cannon, rifles, powder, ball, wagons, grain, flour, meat, etc., we borrowed, on our owa proffer, in every direction, except abroad, where foreign money markets were closed against us, till after our triumph. That debt, these "bonds," are the cost of our national existence; and I turn with inexpressible loathing from the man whose chief argument is "bloated bondholder," etc. May God cause my tongue to cleave to the roof of my month if it ever ochoes these revilings of the men and women who risked all they had at that crisis, by lending the nation, on the nation's own terms, what it so sorely needed. For that dobt is just as sacred to me as if it had been money borrowed to save the precious life of a beloved father or mother.

Mr. C. incidentally referred to Macaulay's brilliant essay on Hampden, in which he contrasted the practical wisdom of Elizabeth and the great unwisdom of her successors, James and Charles, whose defiance of the popular will cost them so THE BEST POSSIBLE ARGUMENT

whose defiance of the popular will cost them so dearly. Macanlay said the conduct of that remarkable Queen, in one of those popular uprisings which policy may guide but cannot stop, is an admirable study. ings which policy may guide but cannot stop, is a dimirable study for politiciaus who live in unquiet times. When she saw a popular demand she yielded to it, not gradgingly nor tardily,

Nor can any of you forget or deny that when the will of the people so overwhelmingly de-manded that the silver dollar, which was legal-tender when our debt was incurred, should be legal-tender again, two-thirds of a Republican Senate twice over endorsed that demand. When the public voice declared that we must have re-sumption without contraction, a Republican Senate enacted that the volume of greenbacks should not be contracted. And it is not the fault of the Republican Scuate that their act to enlarge the legal tender power of the greenback by receiving it for tariff duties is not now the law. But, on the other hand, we owe much, very much, of our excellent national credit now to

much, of our excellent national credit now to the firmness of the Republican party, regardless of temporary popularity. We have had hard times, very hard times; but, throngout all these hard times, no injury has come to our national credit. When unpopular tax-bills were necessa-ry, we have passed them, and stood by them, too, when assailed, as they were, so bitterly. When all kind of plaus have been presented, by which some easier plan was to be adopted than paying a dollar for every dollar we owed, the Republi-can party has

TURNED ITS BACK ON THEM.

And, thank God, the national honor has been preserved untarnished!

Debt is always hard to pay, whether by individuals, cities, States, or nations. But honest payment honors, while evasive, dishonest conduct disgraces the debtor. Let us not be shamed in this by France. No matter whether Republicans, or Orleanists, or Imperialists, were in power, the Government debt is sacred, and the poorest as well as the richest invest in it, without

can, or Orientsis, or Imperians, were in power, the Government debt is sacred, and the poorest, as well as the richest, invest in it, without question or fears. And whenever any seek to show us an easier way to pay our debt than dollar for dollar in real value, let us all reply, "Get thee behind me, tempter."

Mr. Colfax, after showing the fallacy of what is called "absolute money," said if all history was not a lie, honest money, safe money, specie-bottoned, was the corner stone of business prosperity and confidence, while irredeemable paper money was the bane and curse of the poor man who had nothing to sell but his laisor. And he assured all before him, that not one of them would regret voting, as he should, on the morrow, for the Republican ticket, on whose banner, all over the land, is inscribed, "National Faith and Honest Money."

Can not He Too Often Presented.

The point so clearly shown by Secretary Schurz, that there was no contraction of the currency, but positive inflation, for the five years preceding the panic of 1873, cannot be too often presented. There was some contraction of the currency between the years 1865 and 1868. But no panic was the result. Contraction was stopped in 1868, and in 1893 the amount of paper currency outstanding was \$640,946,056.61. In 1870 it was \$700,375,890.48; in 1871 it was \$717,875,751.05; in 1872 it was \$738,570.805.82 in 1873 it was in 1872 it was \$738,570,803.52; in 1873 it was \$750,002,368,94—that is, the volume had increased over \$56,002,000,000. And yet, on the top of the ascending series, came the panic, with all its the ascending series, came the panic, with all its terrible consequences. Thus, it appears that years of adversity followed expansion. Even after the panic began, \$13,000,000 was added to the currency, without in the least checking its evils.—Boston Herald.

A SAMPLE FLAT MONEY MAN .- Judge Bro A SAMPLE FIAT MONEY MAX.—Judge Broad-dus is a consistent flat money man. He would just as soon chew up a milk ticket when he is thirsty, as drink a quart of milk. So long as the ticket is good for the milk, it suits him just as well. When he wants to go to Chicago, he buys a ticket, site down in his office, and actualby believes he goes to Chicago, without getting out of his chair, because his ticket is good for a passage to Chicago.—Grandy County Times.

Says the Brookfield Gazette: If the grand army of movers from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio keeps on for a year longer at the rate of the last one, there wan't be enough people left back there to run the elections. The string of white wagons are threading their way westward on every road, by seems dails

THE Democrats, in localities where they have the strength to carry their own tickets, don't fraternize with the Nationals, or support their candidates. Office is the special need of the Dem-ocrats.—Daylos Journal.

IN AUTUMN.

The wondrous solemn autumn night Is deathly still. Tree-outlines fade Into the dim. round line of earth; The trembling verdure melts in shade. Sweet as incense burned for the tomb. Is the scent of blossoms 'dying bloom.

One tall free stamped upon the sky, Black on the melancholy blue; Anastrety bright between the clouds, The cold, white createst muon ahines No passionate warm June moon is this, For clustering roses' and lovers' kins.

The time of slow and stately death Is here again; and I, so far From yielding with the grace of earth To the slow death, the blight, the scar,

O. sorrowfal, self-contained and firm!
O. Autumn night of chastened calm!
Pour on this eager, throbbing heart
Thy benison, thy dear-bought balm.
Peace for these bitter flowing tears.
Rest for the coming, darkening years!

The withering ivy, drenched with dew, And the moon and the woods are deathly still; Only my thoughts to answer me,
To brighten purpose and strengthen will;
God grant me patience out of the pain,
Till my rose-time shall come again!

COL. INGERSOLL.

dollar and to mint it, including all the fellows that bunded and didn't find it. If you take a Strong Plen for Honest Money-The Falla-cies of the Fint Agitation Exposed is a Characteristic Sprech at Malone- Green-backs Backed by Gold the Currency for the piece of paper and say that it represents \$5 or \$10—it only represents it because there is a prom-ise to pay that money—it is only good when you believe that the man or Government that male

MALONE, Franklin Co., N. Y., Oct. 4. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in his address before

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in his address before the County Fair Association, spoke as follows upon the financial issue:

"We have had in our country a magnificent inflation. We have built, within twenty-five years, some 75,000 miles of railroad, and in order to build that, we spent about \$5,000,000,000. Well, there was work for everybody, We had everything growing, and there was prosperity all over the land. Everybody worked for everybody—everybody wanted to employ somehady everything growing, and there was prosperity all over the land. Everybody worked for everybody—everybody wanted to employ somebody else. In the meantime the war came upon our hands, and in that we spent about \$10,000,000,000.

OOO. What for? To build up? No; to tear down and destroy. Every single, solitary dollar that was spent was wasted by us. But, as a matter of fact, we didn't spend the money—we only agreed to. We scattered all over the country certain notes which we agreed to pay, and we have not got them paid yet. In my judgment, it did not take as much patriotism to put down the rebellion as it will take to pay the debt. A man can be brave for a few minutes, when he is right in line of battle, and when he looks and sees that nobody else runs. It is comparatively easy to do that, and be shot down at the post of glory. It is comparatively easy to die for a principle. But it is mighty hard to live for it. It is hard work to get up at 4 o'clock in the norning, and work until the sun goes down, and do that for life.

"I say we spent all of this money, and we had what they call prosperity, and while that was going on, the young men left the farms, and said they didn't want to be farmers. They said: 'We wou't farm it; we will go to the city.' Every man that could get \$500 worth of goods on trust became a merchant. They wanted to be dentists, lawyers, doctors—something that there was no work in. When they could not do that, they would start an insurance association. Then

they would start an insurance association. Then they sent their agents all over the country, to get your property insured, to get your life in-sured; and every moment you would have a picture of a coffin thrust in your face, to see if you wouldn't insure. And those agents would its last hemorrhage, and the money flowed into the society. As soon as the fellows began to die, the company closed its doors. Then they had fire insurance companies. The agents of these also had a share of the premiums, and I tell you that for six, eight or ten years, they would have insured an iceberg in perdition. Then the mer-chants filled all the cars, and all the botels and chants filled all the cars, and all the botels and bars, with runners and drummers. Every man that you met, had three carpet-sacks filled with samples. And in the meautime we had the bankrupt law, so that every man who couldn't pay his debts might take the benefit of this law. Then it all went to the clerks, etc., of the courts. I never heard of anybody getting more than three per cent, on any claim in my life.

"All at once—in 1873—there came a crash, and the brother that had staid at home, and worked on the form saw in the name that his heather.

on the farm, saw in the paper that his brother, who was president of a life insurance company, was a vagrant and a vagabond. He read, too, that the railroad had failed, and that it was in on the farm, saw in the paper that his brother, who was president of a life insurance company, was a vagrant and a vagabond. He read, too, that the railroad had failed, and that it was in the hands of a receiver, and that its bonds were as worthless as the first antumn leaves that grew on this earth. Then he began to think that he was doing well himself; and the fact is, that the men who cultivate the soil are, to-day, the richest, on the average, of any class of men under our flag. Then we got hard times. Everyhody who had a mortgage as an adornment to his property has suffered. Now they say the way to get back—the way to have prosperous times again—is to again go in debt. Suppose I bought a farm for \$5,000, and gave my note for it; and then I bought horses and wagons, and gave my note; and then I bought a piano for Mary, and gave my note; and sent James to school, and gave my note; and they all run a year. What a magnificent time I could have for that year! Then, when they came around and wanted me to pay the notes, I would say, 'I will give you little notes for the interest, and let them run another year! What a splendid time I could have for another year! Finally, when they come and say they have got to have the money, what would you think if I were to say to them, 'I never had a better time in my life than when I was giving those notes. All that is necessary for universal peace and happiness, is to let me keep right on giving my notes.' I say to them, the reason of hard times is because they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason they have lost confidence in me. They say the reason

Why don't they make it, and let us alone? If this Government can make a dollar or a thousand dollar bill just that quick [slapping his hands together], why should they make us labor day and night, and make me pay taxes to support them? If the Government can make money, let them make it, and let us alone. But, instead of that, this great Government comes up here into this country with the bayonet, and compels you to pay taxes. It is like the ocean trotting around to borrow a little salt water, or like the sun trying to get the loan of a candle from some poor devil who has worked weeks to make that candle. So I say to them, if they can do it, let them do it.

them do it.

"Very well, if the Government can make money, how much can it make? How will I get my share? How much is it going to issue? Some say, 'Enough to induce prosperity.' But how much, they can't tell. Some say they are going to pay up the bonds, and bring money in that way into circulation, and then business will be

prosperous. But I say business will be prosperous when the country is prosperous. But if you get too much paper, and it goes down, who loses it? The man who has earned it, and happens to have it in his possession—this is the man who loses it. You need not be afraid but what the smart people—the people of Wall Street—will take care of themselves. They require their toll from every man that goes by their way; but the farmer—the laboring man that has worked, and has been given some of that money—he loses his labor, unless that money is worth as much as it was the day he received it. But they say there is not money enough. I say there is plenty—plenty; I wish I could get it. We don't lack money. The banks have got plenty of money; a certain portion of the people have money. We are lacking collaterals—that is what we are lacking. You can get all you want, on call, in New York, at 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) and 2 per cent.; and do you know why you don't go and get it? Because you haven't got the collaterals; and if we are going to pass a law on this subject, I would like to have forcest and for the people have money. prosperous. But I say business will be pro going to pass a law on this subject, I would like to have Congress pass a law furnishing us collat-erals. But it will not do; there is no founda-

the promise is good, and you can't go beyond it.

Suppose you could blot from your mind that
there was such a thing as gold and silver—what
is a dellar, just leaving gold and silver entirely
out? You have got a 'fint' bill that says it is \$10,
and is valuable because it never will be redeem-

ed. Gold and silver is valuable of itself. When I

take a \$10 gold piece and go to England, I have to sell it the same as I would a bushel of corn,

stamp of the Government that makes it valuable

Now, fellow-citizens, whatever divisions may

to borrow the money and pay the cost. When it borrowed the money, it determined to keep its promise to pay.

There are parts of this policy about which good men have differed. Some men think that the bonds should have been issued subject to taxation. Some think that the government should itself issue all the needed paper currency, providing for its redemption by the treasury, and abolish the national banking system altogether. These are questions of financial admin istration, fit to be considered, fit to be debated, fit to be understood by statesmen and people. No man, I suppose, would claim that it would have been wise during the war to permit the States to tax the debt of the United States. States like Kentucky or Maryland could have taxed the debt so beavily as to make it impossible to borrow money. But the bond does not escape taxation. The government discounts the tax in advance, by obtaining money at just so much a lower rate of interest. In this way every bond pays its share, and none can be hid from the tax gatherer. The reason for this arrangement was stated very well, in a debate in 1970, when the law for issuing fifteen hundred millions of bonds was enacted. I read from the speech of a Massachusetts representative:

"It is a simple, plain question whether we have the power to tax an untaxable bond with a low rate of interest, where we threw in the tax, if I may use that phrase, discounted it in order to drive a good bargain. This is clearly within our discretion. It is a proper mode of exercising our discretion. Therefore, I desire that this shall be stricken out, not that this property will thereby escape taxation, and I desire no man to go to the people and say that we

And my thoughts, like a tide that leaves the shore.
To wander out toward the open sea.
Turn back to an Autumn gone before,
In the golden days that were dear to me. The maple's leaves have the same rich glow.
The same clouds float through the azuro sky.
The same waves flow, and the same winds blow
On this Autumn day, as in years gone by. tion to it. When that money gets out, it has all got to be paid.

"Call it 'fiat' money—call it what you please; the reason that a gold dollar is worth a dollar is because you can buy the results of the same amount of labor that it took to dig that gold

I can see no changes, save those in me, Since the time when we floated down yonder stream. Oh! I wish that the past again might be, Which at present seems but a beautiful dream, When we floated along on you river's breast, Down must the woods that are dushed with gold, Till the samet burned in the reddening weed, And deepened to twilight, purple and cold,

I, with a hand on each listless our.

Just guiding our course round each silvery bend;
While alone in the stern sat Eleanor—
Can you point me the picture, my artist friend?

With sometimes a song on those lips so rare—
The song you can't paint, I know full well—
But the exquisite face, and the falling hair.
And the force in the eyes, I would have you tell.

would have you paint well the graceful head, And the girlish form in its crimson shawl, he you ask me, just now, if she were dead? No; years bring changes, my friend; that's all.

Adown Life's river, in daylight and dark, Through shadow and sonshine, we're flot But each of us sails in a different bark, With different angels to guide the prow.

and all that spread-eagle nonsense doesn't add one solitary farthing to its value. And when a sovereign comes here from England, we don't care anything about the beautiful picture of Queen Victoria, or any other girl. It is worth so much, and no more. But they say that it is the THE BOOK OF MORMON. stamp of the Government that makes it valuable.
Why not stamp them tens, thousands, or millions, and let us alf be millionaires! It won't do! We will never get prosperity in that way. Slowly, steadily and surely our money has advanced, more and more confidence in the idustry, the honesty, and the integrity of the American people, and to that extent our money has advanced, until it has finally clasped hands upon an conality with the precious metals. We are It may not be generally known, but the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon is in the possession of David Whitmer, in Richmond, Ray County, Mo. A week or so ago the church at Salt Lake sent two of their most prominent men to purchase the book, but although Mr. Whitmer was offered an immense sum, he would not to purchase the book, but although Mr. Whitmer was offered an immense sum, he would not part with it. Last week's Conscreator says: The articles that we published a couple of weeks since, regarding the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon, has been extensively published by the press, with the request that more light be thrown upon the subject, and the Kansas City Journal of Commerce thinks that the manuscript should be "deposited at Independence, as that is to be the future city of the faith," as it would "appeal with great force to the imaginations of the faithful, that Mr. Whitmer would become, in their estimation and traditions, the advanced, until it has finally classed hands upon an equality with the precious metals. We are just inside of the port. We came in tempest-tossed, every sail torn and rent, and every mast by the side; and these wreckers stand on the shore and say, 'If you want prosperity, put out to sea once more.' We don't want to—we want honest methods. No man lives in a country whose money is under par, that he does not feel a little under par himself. I never took out a bill that was at 2 or 3 per cent. discount, that I did not feel a little that way too. This great and splendid Republic, with the most intelligent and the best people in the world—and I say the most honest—I want its promises to be as good in every part of the world as the promises of any other nation. I want the greenback to be preserved; I want to have gold and silver behind it; I want it so that if I should go to into the furthest isle of the Pacific, and should take out a greenback, a savage would look at it, and his tions of the faithful, that Mr. Whitmer would become, in their estimation and traditious, the providential instrument in the preservation of the true word," and it regrets, as well as the St. Louis Republican, that more light had not been thrown on this subject. From what we can learn, Mr. Whitmer, the custodian of the book, was one of the three living witnesses to the discovery of the gold plates from which it is asserted that the book was translated by Joseph Smith, through the medium of a pair of rock spectacles; that each inscription or cypher on the plates was a sentence, and that the plates were in the shape of a tablet, one half of which were scaled; that after the plates that were opened hal been translated, an angel, guide to Joseph, Mr. Whitmer terms the spiritual visitant, came and took the tablet, and when he returns the scaled lates. a green and spending would look at it, and his eyes would glitter as if he looked at gold. Then you feel like you are somebody; like you had a great and splendid nation, and even that old flag would look better if every promise of the United States had been redeemed. And you never know how much you feel like the training the control of the like the states had been redeemed. States had been redeemed. And you never know how much you feel like that, until you go to a foreign country. When I was there, a few days ago, I just happened to see that old flag; it looked to me as if the air had just blossomed out. I tant, came and took the tablet, and when he re-turns the sealed plates will be opened, and the world will then learn the commands of the son

want to feel that way all my life. I want to feel that man is capable of governing himself, and of Mary.

The work came into Mr. W.'s hands through The work came into air, w.s. names turough Mr. Cowdery, who was the amanuensis of the prophet, and who supervised the printing of the Book of Mormon, reserving the manuscript, and it can be seen that several of the pages have been cut, so that the printers could use the copy in what is known to the craft as "takes." Mr. that a Republican Government is the very acme SENATOR HOAR ON BUTLER AND PIit can be seen that several of the pages have been cut, so that the printers could use the copy in what is known to the craft as "takes." Mr. Whitmer being one of the witnesses, Mr. Cowdery thought that he was the proper custodian, as did John Whitmer, brother of David, who was secretary of the church at Far West, and one of the twelve witnesses as to its validity. Feeling that doubts might arise as to the authenticity of the Book of Morunn or that it for-polations might be made by the leaders of the have prevailed elsewhere, both parties in Mas-rachusetts approved this scheme of finance by which we carried on the war, except in one parwhich we carried on the war, except in one par-ticular. The Democratic State Conventions, Democratic candidates for Congress, sided with Republicans in affirming their desire for honest payment of the national debt in coin, and for an early return to specie payments. In one particular the Democratic party differed from the Republicans. They denied the necessity, they denied the constitutional power for mak-ing the notes of the government, which are only promises to pay money, or titles to money, serve thesticity of the Book of Mormon or that it terpolations might be made by the leaders of the
church at Sait Lake, the origial manuscript has
been securely guarded, so that no change could
be made without its being refuted. While Mr.
Whitmer is a strong believer in the doctrines
that this book teaches, he is bitterly opposed to
the assertions and teachings of the Utah branch,
with their system of spiritual wives and Daniteism, believing that the pretended revelation of
Joseph Smith, overturning the stronger averment of the Book of Mormon, was an outeropping of the carnal man, and not of the spiritual
kingdom; for the book of Jacob of the Mormon
bible, after previous condemnation of David and
Solomon, for "having many wives and concubines," says explicitly: "Wherefore, my brethren, hear me and harken to the word of the
Lord; for there shall not any man among you
have save it be one wife; and concubines he
shall have none. For I, the Lord God, delighteth
in the chastity of women." And in the Book of they defined the constitutional power for making the notes of the government, which are only promises to pay money, or titles to money, serve the office of money in payment of debts. The Democratic party had learned that lesson in the school of Thomas Jefferson, in the messages of Jackson, from the lips of Benton. We have a few survivors of the Democratic leaders before the war. I will cite one whose views may be taken as a fair representative of the whole.

Benjamin F. Butler, then a prominent Democrat, spoke at Charleston on the 25th of October, 1857. It was a time of business depression. He asked his audience why the ships were rolling at the wharves, and mechanics walking the streets in search of work. His answer was this: "The constitutional currency of hard money has been swept away, and we now have a currency of rags, shreds and patches, and this is the cause of our present financial crisis." He proposed as a remedy, the withdrawal of all bank notes under \$10, then nuder \$20, and so on until all payments under \$50 should be made in coin. shail have none. For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women." And in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants, which in their creed, after declaring that the language of the marriage ceremony should require them to promise to keep themselves "wholly for each other, and from all others during your lives," it average follows: "Inasmuch as the Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again."

That is the belief that Mr. Whitmer still clings to, and it was, doubtless, for fear that notes under \$10, then under \$20, and so on until all payments under \$50 should be made in coin. "This system," said he, "has worked well in France and England, where financial panics never affect the laboring classes. The business of Massachusetts must be conducted on a specie basis, and financial panics be avoided." He then quoted Webster's sentence: "Of all contrivances for cheating the laboring classes, none have been so successful as the expansion of a paper currency." Of this financial policy, the Republican party accepts the responsibility. It determined to put down the rebellion. It determined to borrow the money and pay the cost. When it borrowed the money, it determined to keep its promise to pay.

That is the belief that Mr. Whitmer still clings to, and it was, doubtless, for fear that something might be done ' i the original record, either to interpolate it or strike out such passages as the above, has caused him to watch with a jealous eye every move made by the Utah church. As regards the custody of the book, he thinks it should be held by him and his descendants until the coming of the Savior, who has promised, in due time, to be again among his people, and set up his tabernacle, so that all can worship in one common temple, and drink of the water of life freely. So far, there has been no interpolation of the original book printed from these pages at Paimyra, New York, nor will there be while David Whitmer holds them in his possession.

A Pull Explanation.

A Full Explanation.

"I have no knowledge of the telegrams, nor any information of them except what has been derived from the publication of them in the Tribuse. I was not aware, and am not aware, of my own knowledge, of the existence of a telegraph office in New York. I once had a man pointed out to me as a telegraph operator, and I supposed that it meant a man who bought and soid Western Union and A. & P. stocks. Somebody told me last November, that a man named Morse had invented a telegraph instrument, but I do not believe it. I never received a telegram from anybody or anywhere. I am an innecent, confiding old man, unused to the ways of this wicked world, and ask the American people to protect me from imposition and wrong. I do not read the papers. I can not read, and was horn so. I did not know of any trouble or uncertainty about the Florida certificates, whatever they may be, until the 6th of December, when the Electoral votes were cast. I do not know what a cipher is, and never saw but one, and that was on a slate. I am a poor man. I never speet, nor caused to be spent, or hel any knowledge, directly or indirectly, of the spending by any of my acquintances, of a dollar for political purposes." (Signed at the bottom.) S. J. Tilden.—Burlington Haukeye.

The three Fox sisters, who originated the read.

that this shall be stricken out, not that this property will thereby escape tazation, and I desire no man to go to the people and say that we have issued a bond to escape tazation; but I wish them to go to our people and say that we have discounted our tazation on that bond in advance; as we shall do if we pass this at a low rate of interest, and if we fund under it."

That Representative was Benjamin F. Butler—From his Speech at Worcester. The three Fox sisters, who originated the rapping phase of spiritualism 29 years age, are all alive. Margacet, the youngest, who claimed to be the wife of Dr. Kane, is giving exhibitions in England. Kate is living in France, having married a titled Frenchman. Lean is Mrs. Underhill, and a resident of New York city. Ir a government can create money, why should it collect taxes !- Col. Ingersell.